Go thou to Richard, and good Angels garde thee,
Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie odde yeares of sorrow haue I seene,
And each houres ioy wracke with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Cosen of Buckingham,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he ascendeth*
Thus high by thy aduice *the throne,*
And thy assistance is king Richard seated:
But shall we weare these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we reioice in them?

Buc. Still liue they, and for for euer may they last.

King Ri. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Young Edward liues: thinke now what I would say,

Buc. Say on my gratious soueraigne.

King. Why buckingham, I say I would be king.

Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowmed liege.

King. Ha: am I king? 'tis so, but Edward liues.

Buc. True noble Prince.

King. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should liue true noble prince.
Cosen, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddenly performde.
What saist thou? speake suddenly be breefe.

Buc. Your grace may do your pleasure.

King. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindnesse freeseth,
Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?

Buc. Giue me some breath, some little pause my Lord,
Before I positiuelie speake herein:
I will resolue your grace immediatlie.

Catesf. The King is angrie, see, he bites the lip.

King. I will conuerse with iron witted fooles
And vnrespectiue boies, none are for me
That looke into me with considerate eies:

Boy,

Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Boy. My Lord.

King. Knowest thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.

Boy. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde.
Golde were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name?

Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.

King. Go call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde
And stops he now for breath? *Enter Darby.*
How now, What newes with you?

Darby. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorsee
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad.
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne gentleman,
Whom I will marrie straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse.
Murther her brothers, and then marrie her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in bloud, that sin pluckes on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye. *Enter Tirrel.*
Is thy name Tirrell.

Tir. Iames Tirrell and your most obedient subiect.